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## BROOKS' LETTERS. Correspondent of the Portland Advertiser.

PARIS, December 14, 1835.

Undoubtedly, you would have put the question—what has become of your troubadour editor, who has been for along while piping for you, not only amid the cities and the wilds of our own new bright land, but here also, in this old home of the human race, musing over past, and contrasting the present and what he imagines must be the future, with men and things of the new world. The last letter I mailed for you was in Milan, over the Alps, you know, now under the two headed eagle of Austria. The ill omened link that the Custom House Police on the borders of Austria gave the hieroglyphics in my writing apparatus, and the fancied scrutinizing investigation of the Post Office in Milan of so large a package as I was franking, admonished me "to take care," for I was not in England, or Switzerland, but there where a man's pen is clipped, his mouth shut and his writing desk invaded whenever tyranny chooses to order. Not having any particular objection for the Austrian police, nor the ambition for a martyrdom, and wishing to write and send a thousand things which can never go safely through an Austrian or Italian Post Office, I resolved, at Milan, not to discontinue writing, but cease trusting what was written, to the investigation of the Post. See then the reason why I have been still. All the particulars of my journey are written, and you shall have them as soon as I can arrange them for you by the coming packet ships. Of this journey then, I need not only say this for the information of what few friends may have seen me working my way through Lombardy, Romagna, and Southern Italy, amid cholera, and what is indefinitely worse, quarantines and corbans, in a country where the people, though they live, as some one has said, amid the carcasses of empires, so tremble at the sound of the trumpet of death, even after off, that they not only resort to all manner of pompous prayers and processions in honor of the Supreme Being, but then, as if doubting him fortify themselves as much as possible, by the worst of police regulations, and Lazarettos which it is death to violate. Think of the men amidst the angust rains of the Roman empire, who are daily trembling over the ashes of myriads of their race, who see too in the now dirty Forum and the towering Colosseum for example, and in the desecrated tombs of the Vatican what even the Casars and the Scipios now are—think, I say, of such covering before even the distant rustling of the pestilence, and prostrate, almost with terror so that they quite shut up, or most vexatiously obstruct, all the avenues of their empire! I dodged, or underwent all their wretched police regulations—the Lazaretto except, the most direful of all, I fancy:—and while the Adriatic side of Italy was free from cholera, I traversed that, and when it had fled from the Mediterranean coast over toward the east, I traversed that—and thus I have been able to see all the cities of Italy worth seeing, though the cholera was in nearly all of northern Italy during my journey, without meeting with the pestilence itself. Of all these things, however, you will have enough in the letters I shall have quite ready for you by the next packet ships. This is one of myself, I never should think of troubling you with but as introduction to the few words that I have now to write from a city upon which, at this moment, I am quite sure, the eyes of all my countrymen must be turned,—and I am not sorry, therefore, that I am here at a moment so interesting, if I can be of service to you.

"The American war" is almost the sole topic of discussion in the political circles here, and its comparison with what is considered its importance, the Peninsular difficulties dwindle into insignificance. All at once, I know not how it is we are metamorphosed into a first rate power, and St. Petersburg, and Washington, and the Courts of St. James and Versailles figure as among the prominent places of the world. Even the English, the greatest and most enterprising of all the travellers of the earth, who know all about Mount Sinai, the Pyramids, Soloria perhaps and the lower Danube, the best talking geographers of the present day, but who yet with all their knowledge of the most solidly ignorant of a people who speak their language,—who border upon their possessions,—who are the great recipients of their manufactures—even the English at last, in spite of the Trollope, the Halls, and the Hamiltons are waking up, to a faint conception, however of our resources, which now I have seen other countries, I know to be among the very first of the world second only to the mistress of the ocean herself, with all her colonies, her Indies and her all to back her. The cause of this sudden metamorphosis of the English press, and thus through it, of the English people, is traced in the reports of the late intelligent French travellers who have been in the United States—men without John Bull's prejudices, and, I might as well add, John's stupidity, for John is often as stupid as he is prejudiced,—the dullness of all the scholars of Europe, and needing the most shipping too before he can see a thing. These travellers from France, such as Torquerville and Chevalier, a race of men not of the Hamilton breed have not been able to convince John Bull that we are civilized—

even the French doubt that a little and consider us a species of Russians,—but they have convinced him that what Jonathan has said of his resources, his power, his wealth, and of mechanism and agriculture, is true—in short, that Brother Jonathan, since the declaration of Independence, has not been bragging nor prophesying, but toiling very hard to keep up with fact. The truth is, there is not a nation on the globe that has such resources and prospects as we have: England with her immense colonies, hardly excepted. And within two months England is begun to have an idea of the fact; the light however, not breaking in from her own prejudiced travellers, but thrown in on her from this side of the English channel.

M Chevalier, who has lately travelled so much in the United States—a man of intellect,—I judge from his writing only has come back here so full of what the United States are and are to be, that he has not only frightened his own Government into the most active naval preparations at Toulon and Brest, but in the Journal of Debates, his pen figures almost every day. Yesterday, the leading article probably from his pen, indicates that here after the world is to be swayed, as much by the republic of the United States, as by the greatest of Europe, that Empire, in short, is taking up its august abode elsewhere, quitting the old to aggrandize the new. All these opinions the English credit, when coming from France, but never when coming from America, for John Bull is so much superior in matters of business to all the rest of Europe that he cannot believe us when we tell him that just as he excels all other European states in enterprize, just so we excel even him. Hence we have, of a sudden, become a first rate power, even in English estimation—and the probability of a war with the United States is engaging the attention of the circles and the press both sides of the channel.

Perhaps, you ask, what is happening, or what is to happen here. All are awaiting the President's Message. If it is not charged too full of electricity, we hope there will be no thunder here. M Chevalier has come back here rather anti Jacksonian, and in all probability his representations induce the French government to make such a parade of the naval forces in the seaports of France. He has seen that we are powerful and he believes as is generally the case here, that a threat for war is created by the power to wage it. The government of France however, is now, laying upon its oars rather wishing to stop than to go ahead, in the American phrase. But it is not an easy thing even in a monarchy to control Public Opinion, especially in such a monarchy as that of France. I do not believe, judging from what I can see and hear, that a war with the United States would be unpopular with the lower classes of the French,—and you well know that there is nothing for which all Frenchmen would fight sooner than for a point of etiquette. The intelligent Frenchmen speak of us with life and enthusiasm, as old allies,—as a people who first taught the French to break the chain of a bad race of monarchs, and the worse claims of a horrid social system.

True, they are reluctant to pay up this debt, and what is more, the taunt of all other European nations about dishonorable concessions, have tenderly touched French pride—but there is such a strong feeling of attachment for us in France, that a war can be entered upon only with the utmost reluctance, and then it can never be made popular.

The taunts, however, Europeans who would delight in embroiling us, have their effect. It is a pleasant theme for English Tories of the stiffer east and Russian emissaries, in short, for all the subjects of despotism so thick and fearfully strong this side of the ocean. Even well informed men here confess that "things look equally," and think and feel that a silly subject has become a serious one.

Nothing could be more inopportune for the progress of free principles, between the United States and France, France and England, and the little cantons of Switzerland, are the defenders of Europe against Russian and Austrian despotism. The principles of the holy Alliance grasp all the rest of Europe. France and England the land of our forefathers in particular, with the little republic here and there are the only refuges of men who dare to think of bettering the political condition of the human race. What green spots they are amid the barrenness all about them! England navy overawes the despot upon the ocean, and the French legions make them tremble up on the land. England & France moving together in their proper spheres, are invincible—lusty enough, perhaps to gapple with a world. Our natural position then, is not with St. Petersburg and Vienna, but with France and England. We ought to be their allies not their enemies. France is for us and not against us in the great war of principles that the human race is waging—a war in which our republic so gloriously leads the van. Every blow we strike at France is a blow at the

highest interest of mankind. The day is coming—I wish it was accelerated.—I want to hear of but one war and that is this:—the day is coming, I say when Italy and Germany, if not Russia will struggle for the degree of liberty that the French and English now enjoy. In the contest, France will be the champion upon the land, and England upon the ocean. Would to heaven then, that the arms of both were strengthened (not weakened) for a contest so dreadful. What a madness it is, to embroil us with either, particularly with France, a nation that has been so long, and now is pre-eminently our friend! But few know into what involutions diplomacy may have brought a simple debt, now acknowledged by the debtor; but if diplomats would stand aside, and let the common sense of the two countries arrange the difficulty, all would be settled in a week. As it is, a hundred thousand men may be butchered, and a hundred millions of dollars expended, because a bow is not made according to Chesterfield, or because instead of a soft word, one softer is not used? The Message will probably give a turn to affairs here for good or ill. Whatever it is I will watch and write you.

B.

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

M. M. NOAH (a Jew) in a late No. of the N. York Star, thus treats of the Restoration of the Jews:

That the Jews will be restored to their ancient possessions in the Holy Land, we have never at any moment doubted. It is impossible to contemplate the dispersion of the nation in every quarter of the globe and their providential protection—their unity and faith and distinct national character—without arriving at the conclusion that the great promise made to them will be fulfilled.

Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations, and deliver it in the land afar off, gather him and keep him as a shepherd doth his flock.

It is, however, not to be denied that there is less zeal among the Jews for their restoration at this time than for any former period. The old and pious constant prayer for it, but the progress of civilization and the march of toleration on liberal principles have reconciled the Jews to the Christian governments under which they live, and they are therefore content to leave the great work of their restoration to the Providence which has hitherto protected them, and which will in proper time bring about their redemption. Political events, however, are working to this end without the aid of the Jews themselves—even in which a Divine agency is clearly apparent. The Jews will never recover their ancient heritage by the sword, but rather by the purse strings.

When the pressing of the claims of Russia to Syria shall endanger the possession of England to India, and turn the current of Persian commerce into the Black Sea the purchase of Judea for a valuable consideration will reconcile both Turkey and Egypt, and the protection of England will give stability to the new government and keep in check the rapacity of Sultan, the revolutionary principles of the Bey of Egypt, and the desire of new conquest by Russia. Its position is admirable for trade, commerce and manufactures. The ports, so famous for commerce in the times of Solomon, at the head of the Mediterranean, can be opened, their harbors and channels cleared, and their former enterprize revived; canals rail roads, manufactures, and all the modern improvements of the age can be introduced, and that country restored to wealth and magnificence,—a liberal government established, and one of the greatest events which has occurred for eighteen hundred years can be brought about peaceably, without great sacrifice, and with the approbation, confidence and good-will of every liberal nation, and the Jews will owe to the Christian powers the great debt of their restoration.

It is an interesting subject to dwell upon, and will never cease to occupy the attention of the truly religious. Such an event would be a glorious triumph for the Revelation and the Prophecies—indeed it would sink into the earth, and faith would be like a rock of adamant that time could not effect. Millions who are this day strangers to the Law and the Prophecies, would ask to see the good book which had promised these events; and he who was born and died a Jew, and it is declared by many, suffered both for Jew and Gentile, would have his mission fulfilled in the only great act which yet remains unconsumed.

Visit to the Egg Hatching Ovens of Cairo.—The hatching oven consists of a suite of small square chambers or cells, arranged on either side of a small passage, in which they open the doorway, when there are eggs within, being closed with mats. In some of the chambers the eggs had been newly put in, and were perfectly white; in others, having already undergone many changes, they exhibited a dirty yellow color: while in several cells, the embryo having been warmed into life, had shattered its

red goal, we, in a manner, prepare ourselves for disappointment. But the flow of that smiles up to us unbidden from the hedge, the splendid prospect suddenly encountered the *en passant* greeting; these are thrice enlivening because unexpected.

Fertilizing and auspicious as is the energetic play of all the faculties, there is a deep wisdom in allowing the mind to lie fallow. Like the soil thus exposed to the grateful agencies of nature and its own self evolved energy, its productiveness is eventually enhanced. Amid the exciting elements in which we live, there is little danger of a dearth of action. And if one would press on with secure intelligence, let him sometimes pause to scrutinize and meditate, let him behold what is around as well as what is before him. Oh it is true philosophy, in such a shadowy world as ours, to linger momentarily over every joy beam, were it only to garner up its blessedness in our memories!

It is, after all, by dribblets that good comes to us; and thus only can we happily imbibe it to any great degree. A nervous literati, unless thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Dominic Sampson, feels rather oppressed than inspired on first entering an immense library. Yet such an one may lounge an hour over a bookseller's counter, or scan the pages of a racy magazine, enjoying the while a mood the most calmly pleasurable. In this, as in many other respects, there is a coincidence between the influences of art and literature. To one whose love of the beautiful is passionate and keen, there is some thing oppressive in the aspect of a well stocked gallery, while an artist's sanctum proves a delightful resort—and a fine parlour picture, accidentally fallen in with, is productive of unalloyed delight. A single congenial volume represents to the imaginative mind the idea of literature; and a sketch or statue is an eloquent symbol of art. There is a philosophical principle involved in these facts. The truth is, the feelings of a man of ideal and susceptible temperament, & these characteristics are rarely disunited—are as delicate as they are vivid. An imposing array of objects, until singly and methodically scanned, by the variety and richness of their suggestions, confuse and satiate his sensitive taste. Indistinctly, and unobtrusively, unexpectedly addressed, his mind freely responds. The current of feeling thus receives an impulse, neither rude nor onerous, but precise strong enough to urge it into a thoughtful and happy flow. Painters speak of a feeling for colour; so is there a feeling for the beautiful and the true in man, which will not bear forcing nor feasting, but find its own gratification in self-possession and spontaneous observation. And the *loiterers*, on the world's highway, in true enjoyment and actual good, not un frequently outstrip the most bustling and speedy of the careering multitude.

"As the fowl can keep Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air, And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep— So may the soul, through powers that faith bestows, Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that angels share."

From "the South West," by a Yankee.

THE CEMETERY AT NEW ORLEANS.

"This cemetery is quite out of the city: there being no dwelling or enclosure of any kind beyond it. On approaching it, the front on the street presents the appearance of a lofty brick wall of very great length, with a spacious gateway in the centre. This gateway is about ten feet deep; and one passing through it, would imagine the wall of the same solid thickness.— This however is only apparent. The wall which surrounds, or is to surround, the four sides of the burial-ground for it is yet incomplete is about 12 feet in height and ten in thickness. The external appearance on the street is similar to that of any other high wall while to a beholder within, the cemetery exhibits three stories of oven-like tombs, constructed in the wall, and extending on every side of the gateway. Each of these tombs is designed to admit only a single coffin, which is enclosed in the vault with masonry and designated by a small marble slab fastened in the face of the wall at the head of the coffin, stating the name, age and sex of the deceased. By casual estimate I judged there were about eighteen hundred apertures in this vast pile of tombs. This method, resorted to here from necessity on account of the nature of the soil, might serve as a hint to city land-economists.

When I entered the gateway, I was struck with surprise and admiration. Though destitute of trees, the cemetery is certainly more deserving, from its peculiarly novel and unique appearance, of the attention of strangers, than (with the exception of that at New Haven, and Mount Auburn) any other in the United States. From the entrance to the opposite side through the centre of the graveyard, a broad avenue or street extends nearly an eighth of a mile in length, and

on either side of this are innumerable isolated tombs of all sizes, shapes and descriptions, built above ground. The idea of a Lilliputian city was at first suggested to my mind on looking down this extensive avenue.—The tombs in their various and fantastic styles of architecture—if I may apply the term to these tiny edifices—resembled cathedrals with towers, Moorish dwellings, temples, chapels, palaces, mosques—substituting the cross for the crescent—and structures of almost every kind. The idea was ludicrous enough; but as I passed down the avenue, I could not but indulge the fancy that I was striding down the Broadway of the capital of the Lilliputians. I mentioned this not irreverently, but to give you the best idea I can of the cemetery, from my own impressions. Many of the tombs, were constructed like, and several were, indeed, miniature Grecian temples; while others resembled French or Spanish edifices, like those found in "Old Castile." Many of them, otherwise plain, were surmounted by a tower supporting a cross. All were perfectly white, arranged with the most perfect regularity, and distant little more than a foot from each other. At the distance of every ten rods the main avenue was intersected by others of less width, crossing it at right angles, down which tombs were ranged in the same novel and regular manner. The whole cemetery was divided into squares, formed by these narrow streets intersecting the principal avenue. It was in reality a "City of the Dead." But it was a city composed of miniature palaces and still more diminutive villas.

The procession, after passing two-thirds of the way up the spacious walk turned down one of the narrow alleys, where a new tomb, built on a line with the others, *rapid* wide to receive its destined inmate. The procession stopped.—The coffin was let down from the shoulders of the bearers, and rolled on a wooden cylinder into the tomb. The mourners silently gathered round: every head was bowed; and amid the deep silence that succeeded, the calm, clear, melancholy voice of the priest suddenly swelled upon the still evening air, in the plaintive chant of the last service of the dead. "Requiescat in pace!" was slowly chanted by the priest—repeated in subdued voices by the mourners, and echoing among the tombs died away in the remotest recesses of the cemetery.

The dead was surrendered to the companionship of the dead—the priest and mourners moved slowly away from the spot, and the silence of the still evening was only broken by the clinking of the *careless* *monks*, as he proceeded to well up the apertures in the tomb.

As night was fast approaching, I hastened to leave the place, and taking a shorter route than by the principal avenue, I came suddenly upon a desolate area, without a tomb to relieve its dark and muddy surface dotted with countless mounds, where the bones of the moneyless, friendless stranger lay buried. There was no stone to record their names or country. Fragments of coffins were scattered around, and new made graves, half filled with water, yawned on every side awaiting their unknown occupants, who perchance may now be "laying up store for many years" of anticipated happiness. Such is the nature of the soil here, that it is impossible to dig two feet below the surface without coming to water. The whole land seems to be only a thin crust of earth of not more than three feet in thickness, floating upon the surface of the water. Consequently every grave will have two feet or more water in it, and when a coffin is placed therein, some of the assistants have to stand upon it, and keep it down till the grave is re-filled with the mud which was originally thrown from it, or it would float. The citizens therefore having a very natural repugnance to being drowned after having died a natural death upon their beds, choose to have their last resting place a dry one; and hence the great number of tombs, and the peculiar features of this burial place.

Returning, I glanced into the old catholic cemetery, in the rear of the chapel before alluded to. It was crowded with tombs, without displaying the systematic arrangement observed in the one I had just left. There is another burying place, in the upper faubourg, called the Protestant cemetery.

Here, as its appellation indicates, are buried all who are not of Holy Church. There are in it some fine monuments, and many familiar names are recorded upon the tomb stones. Here moulder the remains of thousands, who leaving their dis-